

haue heere : sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere got em.

*La.* You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

*4. Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

*Ol. Lord.* There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteen : I haue knowne thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I giue

Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue

Into your guiding power : This is the man.

*King.* Why then young *Bertram* take her thee's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee?

*Ber.* Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

*King.* Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well : Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge : A poore Physicians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

*King.* Tis onely title thou disdaint in her, the which I can build vp : strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction : yet stands off In differences so mightie. If she bee All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st)

A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name : but doe not so :

From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede.

Where great additions swell's, and vertue none, It is a dropied honour. Good alone,

Is good without a name? Vilence is so : The propertie by what is is, should go,

Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire, In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire :

And these breed honour : that is honours scorne, Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,

And is not like the fire : Honours thrine, When rather from our acts we them deriue

Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a slaue Deboish'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue :

A lying Trophée, and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.

Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide? If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,

I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee,

*Ber.* I cannot loue her, nor will strue to doo't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strue to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad : Let the rest go.

*King.* My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,

Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shackle vp

My loue, and her desert : that canst not dreame, We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where

We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt : Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good :

Beleue not thy disdaine, but presentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes, Or I will throw thee from my care for euer

Into the staggers, and the carelessse lapse Of youth and ignorance : both my reuenge and hate

Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice, Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit My fancie to your eyes, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late

Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base : is now The praised of the King, who so ennoble,

Is as 'twere borne so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise

A counterpoize : If not to thy estate, A ballance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract : whose Ceremonie

Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe, And be perform'd to night : the solemne Feast

Shall more attend vpon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,

Thy loue's to me Religious : else, do's erc. *Exit*

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

*Laf.* Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure sir.

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* I : Is it not a Language I speake?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding. My Master?

*Laf.* Are you Companion to the Count *Rossillon*?

*Par.* To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Counts man : Counts maister is of another stile.

*Par.* You are too old sir : Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man : to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe : yet the scarffes and the banners about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from beleueing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' our scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice face thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* I wish all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

*Laf.* Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not base thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Euen as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound

in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall : for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord : Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of — He beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

*Enter Lafew.*

*Laf.* Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you : you haue a new Mistress.

*Par.* I most vnfairedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruatiou of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue about is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God.

*Par.* I sir.

*Laf.* The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy leues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor,

if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee : mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee : I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and vndeferu'd measure my Lord.

*Laf.* Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranar, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller : you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

*Enter Count Rossillon.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then : good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ros.* Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

*Par.* What's the matter sweet-heart?

*Ros.* Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what sweet heart?

*Ros.* O my *Parolles*, they haue married me : Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

*Par.* *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot : too'th warres.

*Ros.* There's letters from my mother : What th'im-portis, I know not yet.

*Par.* I that would be knowne : too'th warres my boy, too'th warres :

He weares his honor in a boxe vnscene,

That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,

Spending his manlie marrow in her armes

Which should sustaine the bound and high curuer Of *Marses* fierie steed : to other Regions,

*France* is a stable, wee that dwell in't Iades, Therefore too'th warre.

*Ros.* It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled : Write to the King That which I durst not speake. His present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields

Where noble fellowes strike : Warres is no strife To the darke house, and the detected wife.

*Par.* Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art fore?

*Ros.* Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me. Ile send her straight away : To morrow,

Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard A yong man married, is a man that's mard :

Therefore away, and leaue her brauely : go, The King ha's done you wrong : but hush 'tis so. *Exit*

*Enter Helena and Clowne.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

*Cl.* She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well : but thanks be giuen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world : but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

*Cl.* Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

*Hel.* What two things?

*Cl.* One, that she's not in heaven, whether God send her quickly : the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

*Hel.* I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

*Cl.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why I say nothing.

*Cl.* Marry you are the wiser man : for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, th'art a knaue.

*Cl.* You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue : this had bene truth sir.

*Par.* Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

*Cl.* Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

*Cl.* The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,